



The Library



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Chapter 1 by clairvoyantcarpenter

Nobody, not even it's own librarians, knows who built the library. Then again, nobody who values their life has ever asked. The visible part of the library looms atop a grassy hill some miles away from my hometown. A gray ribbon of road is strewn, frayed, from the library doors, leading down and into the town. The invisible parts of the library are a maze of tunnels, snaking underground in every direction, under my town and under yours, too.

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